

## Flowers (In Studio)

Bibi Bourelly

Boy you should've bought me flowers  
Man you should've held the door  
I know I smoke a lot of marijuana  
But I'm not your little whore  
And I've been awake for hours  
And I ain't trying do no more  
You should've taken me on dates like the Eiffel tower  
And loved me back down to the floor

Boy, you a fraud  
If you like it or not  
Give me what you got then nigga  
Give me what you got  
I gave you my heart  
You tore it apart  
Give me what you got then nigga, shit  
Give me what you got  
Give me what you got

Woulda, coulda for them fuck boys  
That don't get 'round to being real  
And boy you should've never listened to your homeboys  
And gave a fuck 'bout how I feel

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Man you should've held the door

Boy, you a fraud  
If you like it or not  
Give me what you got then nigga, shit  
Give me what you got  
I gave you my heart  
You tore it apart  
Give me what you got then nigga, shit  
Give me what you got  
Give me what you got  
You are a fraud, you stole my heart  
Tore it to pieces, ripped it apart  
A God damn lie, tears in my eyes  
Your alibi